
Title: The Wicked King

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There once was a king
in a faraway land
who ruled over all
with a cruel iron hand
from the mountains
and forests
to the cities and towns
every heart lived in fear
of the Man with the
Crown
for it was whispered
by many
in hushed frightened tones
that just the touch
of his shadow
could turn you to stone
it was even said flowers
would wither and die
beneath the harsh glare
of his cold darkling eye
Every month every week
Every day every hour
every heart grew more
fearful of their
wicked king's power
until the kingdom itself
was so sickened
with dread
that the clear blue sky
turned gray overhead
But then one day
a stranger appeared
with raggedy clothes
and a scraggly beard
and he whistled a tune
like a sad lullaby
as he walked
down the road
to the castle on high
All the people despaired
thinking death
was assured
for the king
had commanded
Let No Music Be Heard
When the man
reached the castle
he trilled a high note

and the guards
fell down sleeping
as he crossed
the bridged moat
Once he entered
the castle
every ear listened close
but all they heard
were the snores
of the guards
at their posts
But then came a sound
like a raging wind roaring
so loud that
it woke up the guards
from their snoring
they rushed to the Hall
as a quake
shook the ground
but once they had
pried the doors open
they found
no stranger
no king
no great howling gust
just a big empty room
and a small
swirl
of
dust...